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sonnets more than a suggestion of Rossetti. Had he lived, the winds of reminiscence would have passed and he would have won some form of individual utterance. It is evident in all these volumes that he felt more than he had learned to utter. So far his volumes testify more to the student and the thinker than the singer. But it is high and noble thought he utters, even if at times it seems too abstract for poetry, which, indeed, is upheld on the right hand by aspiration after abstract truth, but on the left by the concrete image and the earthen symbol.

It has been noted before in these pages that Mr. Lodge's sonnets are carefully built on Rossettian lines, and particularly has he won the power of building up to one last culminating and gorgeous line. For example,

"The void, vast vision of the Sphinx of Death"

and

"Life's immemorial validities,"

which is particularly a Rossettian line.

Those who, like Mr. Lodge, know their "House of Life" will remember how the cunning master wove into the sonnet line the many syllabled word, gaining thereby a particularly rich and intricate melody. —————

The dedication to that rare and hidden genius, George Russell, already lends an interest to the unknown name on this charming and demure-looking brown volume.* Nor is one disappointed. Twenty-six little poems make up the volume, but if the quantity is short the quality is exceeding precious. The first poem has in it perhaps more of drama than the others, but not the particular and delicious flavor—what is it?—of the young Irish singer. "Nature," with its simplicity, its natural diction, its insight and its patience has touches—not of reminiscence—but touches that remind us of the strength in sweetness of Blake. "What Thomas an' Buile said in a Pub" and "Seumas Beg" have traces of grim and delightful humor. Once or twice the poet, who is undoubtedly a man, speaks through the lips of a woman uttering her heart as truly at times as Browning did; or as did Henry Bryan Binns, to quote a lesser poet. The closing lines of "The Optimist" give a fair notion of the poet's tendency:

* "Insurrections." By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

“ Lo, we are mocked with fancies and we stretch
 Meek unavailing arms to anywhere,
 But help is none. The North wind cannot fetch
 An answer to our cries, nor in the air
 Fanned by the South wind’s van is any aid.
 What then is left but this, that we be brave
 And steadfast in our places, not afraid,
 However fell our lot, and we will lave
 Us deep in human waters till our minds
 Grow broad and kindly and we haply steal
 A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds
 Man closer unto man than that he feel
 The trouble of his comrade. So we grope
 Through courage, truth and kindness back to hope.”

There are continually new testimonies to the spread of the mystic sense; the feeling of the identification of the individual with the larger and ultimate forces of the universe. It is this sense that is set down in the short, unrhymed lyrics of Mrs. Sprague’s “My Two Gardens.”* One comes across such lines as:

“ I seemed to lose all individual consciousness
 And my whole garden became myself.”
 “ It has seemed to me that somewhere out of silence
 Something would speak to me.”
 “ And as we leave ourselves free
 The Soul within unfolds.”

The last poem perhaps as well as any gives us what the author is striving to say:

“ The Source of all, the great world Power
 Enthroned in silence, waits—
 Waits until the heart of man freed from all passion
 Shall turn to deeds of love.”

There is the same difficulty, more exaggerated, in these poems that we noted in Mr. Lodge’s; it is the mistaken tendency to discard the earthly symbol. There is something too thin and too rarefied about poetry that is all in the upper regions of abstraction. But the little volume has none the less its own grace and noble charm.

Very sweet and spontaneous is the singing in this prettily named volume,† all compact of tenderness, flowers, tears, smiles

* “ My Two Gardens.” By A. S. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press, 1909.

† “ Flower o’ the Grass.” By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.